

Nirvana

"Gallons Of Rubbing Alcohol Flow Through The Strip"

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It hurts when you have to press that dull little thing
That you're only supposed to use once and then
discard
But where do you put it? In the garbage can my honest
friend
My shyness, pet her flow

She's only been five months late
Even though we haven't had sex for a week
A meal a day, a meal, I say
And my heart's made my

Somebody else already used the word 'Aurora-
Borealis'
She was tied up in chains, and Sam had helped her in
the freezer
She's only five weeks late, but I haven't had a date
forever
Ever, ever, forever

Wish I had more, more opportunity
More chances to remember some things
So I couldn't have so much pressure on my
On my, on my, umm ah, on my, umm umm head

We'd have so much more diversity
And so much more input
So much more creative flow
If we had someone in school, a GIT

GIT, geeks in town
Ha! Come on, Dave, think of one
(Girls with trouble)
It should be GIC, geeks with Charvels
No, GWC, fuck man this is a waste of time

One more solo?
Yeah
Yeah

You're personally responsible for

The entire strip to be washed away
Cleansed as if gallons of, um, rubbing alcohol
Flowed through the strip and were set on fire

It didn't just singe the hair, it made it straight
And then Perry Ellis came along with his broom
And his silk
And he, he erected a beautiful city, a city of stars

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